nough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking through the Realme.

Miſ. Page. Why Sir *Iohn*, doe you thinke though wee would haue thruſt vertue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and haue giuen our ſelues without ſcruple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Miſ. Page. A puſt man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrailes?

Ford. And one that is ſlanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Iob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Euan. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and ſwearings, and ſtarings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you haue the ſtart of me, I am deiected: I am not able to anſwer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it ſelfe is plummet ore me, vſe mee as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windſor to one Maſter *Broome*, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you ſhould haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you haue ſuffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to night at my houſe, where *I* will deſire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her Maſter *Slender* hath married her daughter.

Miſ. Ford. Doctors doubt that;
If *Anne Page* be my daughter, ſhe is (by this) Doctour *Caius* wife.

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*,

Page. Sonne? How now Sonne.
Haue you diſpatch'd?

Slen.

Slen. Diſpatch'd? Ile make the beſt in Gloſterſhi
on't: would I were hang'd la, elſe.

Page. Of what ſonne?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Miſt
Page, and ſhe's a great lubberly boy. If it had no
ſth Church, I would haue ſwing'd him, or hee
haue ſwing'd me. If I did not thinke it had been
Page, would I might neuer ſtirre, and 'tis a Poſt
Boy.

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

Slen. What needs you tell me that? I thinke ſo
I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had beene maried to
all hee was in womans apparrell) I would not h
him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly,
Did not I tell you how you ſhould know my da
By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in greene, and cried Mum,
cride budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and y
not *Anne*, but a Poſt-maſters boy.

M. Page. Good *George* be not angry, I knew
purpoſe: turn'd my daughter in white, and ind
is now with the Doctor at the Deanerie, an
married.

Cai. Ver is Miſtris *Page*: by gar I am cozoned, I
ried oon Garſoon, a boy; oon peſant, by gar. A boy
An Page, by gar, *I* am cozened.

Miſ. Page. Why? did you take her in white?

Cai. I bee gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar *I*le
Windſor.

Ford. This is ſtrange: Who hath got the right
Page. My heart miſgiues me, here comes Maſte
How now Maſter *Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pa

Page. Now Miſtris;
How chance you went not with Maſter *Slender*?